

Quintain

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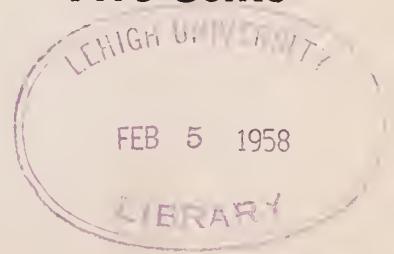


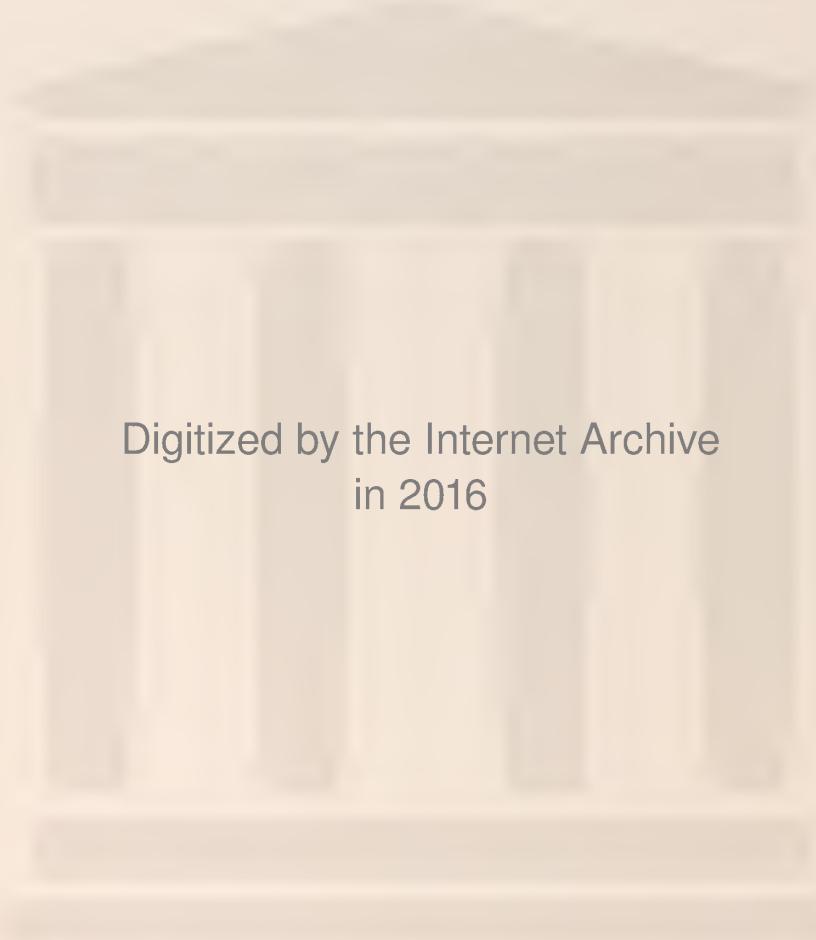
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# Quintain

Vol. I, No. 1

Five Cents





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a magazine devoted to new poetry and prose is published twenty times a year at Christmas-Saucon Hall, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Calvin Israel, Editor. Editorial Staff: R. C. Cunningham, H. M. Houlehan, M. Levy, Edgar H. Riley and H. Webber.

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#### TO THE READER

"Therefore has language, most dangerous of possessions, been given to man...so that he may affirm what he is..."

Hölderlin

Without poetry we are silent; with it, we are made to realize we are human. We cannot put aside this gift of tongue, nor use it to assert what is trivial or of the moment. And so the poet strives to say what seems plain to all but what shrugs itself in a mystery of silence.

Because poetry has this function in the making of man, this magazine exists.

IN GREETING

Struck dumb that we retrieve ourselves and men  
With silence, I gave you to those jesting  
Pilots of my eyes, who narrowly moved  
In shells of gamelike words. I, sage,  
Intoned, 'Whereof one cannot speak, thereof  
One must be dead to life.' You stared,  
Such agony of shadow lifted high,  
A face that shared the shining, rare descent  
Of quietude. And given now the calm  
Of anchored love, I wondered if men knew  
As Judas did, the eyes of truth are blue?

M. LEVY

## THE NAY-SAYING CROW

With a drop of the jaw  
All crows will say "Caw,"  
But I know a crow that says "Uh-uh."

When Unite is their word  
My solitaire bird,  
Cutt on a limb, mutters "Uh-uh."

True as a white one  
Is my total night one  
Who has thought it all out and says "Uh-uh."

On a blithe May day  
When the world sang Yea,  
And creature sought creature  
As if by nature,  
He fingered the Spring  
On skeptical wing  
And damned the whole thing with an "Uh-uh."

E. N. DILWORTH

LISBON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Here the **sanctuary** shield

Of **spring-sweet** green

Is **rudely torn** to bleed away

The gentle **thrust** of white and yolk

In which we have a general being.

Flywheels **spin** Penelope's deception,

Trundle time away and with it

Their **excrescence** in centrifugal abandon.

Lisbon never sees the end of frenzy,

Never can: a loaf or fish is neither cast nor stamped.

Heels of children bruise against the stone-struck earth

And women **fat** with immanence

Are seized **by** dread as nine months

Ruptures the **narcosis** of the needle stacks,

Their fumes, the sooty reservoirs beneath.

Manhood measures fingers callous-sheathed from quickening

Against a **pay-day** passion, and is sad.

A blasphemy beyond the pulpit's knowing  
Blasts the cindered valley.

Still, the children do at times exult  
Upon the finding of an oily violet,  
Their startled brothers are impelled like dewy peas from pods  
And learn the less to hate their exile.

Elders, too, are thought to weep and smile  
At tasseled funerals or Mickey Mouse.

Even birds which cough on perches  
Yet hold fast, and fast  
And fast.

HOWARD R. WEBBER

## ILLUSION

I had not thought that life could be compressed  
So well within the limit of a frame,  
Nor that another hand would now reclaim  
Forgotten fancies to which I once addressed  
The ardor of my dreams, those dreams that blessed  
My sleep until awakening became  
The twin of death and dawn assumed the blame  
For passions that my midnight soul possessed;  
But there I see her smiling into eyes  
That are not mine, so careless of that smile  
That kindles heart-fires all too slow to cool,  
A vagabond who shared my night's awhile  
And counterfeited love, only to rise  
And seek the tribute of another fool.

R. C. CUNNINGHAM

### THE MARE OF MENELAUS

Helen boards the Brighton local,  
queenly Helen  
adjusts most carefully and smoothly so..  
warmly glowing, cleanly shaven  
legs, medicated tenderly.

Proud though shipless, popping gum,  
she dreams most delicate  
the ring of Paris  
flashing in the autumn sunlight,  
equal to a thousand Trojan coins.

To thee will I go naked from the water  
diaphrased,  
bear me but a block away  
and we shall know the joys  
and arms and songs of ancient age.

Unpanoplied, unheralded,  
Helen alights, embraces  
Paris, pocketbook and fur,  
storming all the peering Grecian faces;  
stands to the parapet with giggles and a kiss.

CALVIN ISRAEL

THE UNDER-WRITER'S CLERK

An onder-wryteres clerk was in that plas,  
Insurāunce bar he in a leathern cas,  
And hye upon'a bicycle he sat;  
Upon his heed, a batered bcoler hat:  
Ful solemyne his atyr, and al of blak,  
An overcoot he wered and eek a wak.  
"Reyn is an iet of God," quod he, "meschaunce  
That nis ne covered by myn insurāunce,  
Wherfor must I tak cover of myn owen."  
A better covered man was never knownen:  
For al meschaunces was his policye,  
For Fyr and Theft; Arson and Robborye.  
Ful many a widwe oughte to him hir wele,  
And er ful many an orphan drank his hele  
For that he esed hir anguisch and hir peyne;  
That was hir benefyt was eke his geyne,  
And only to hir gode was his avys;  
For thegh he were Prudential, he wus wys.

D. MELDRUM

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